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Bard

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The gods move from house to house
in us, they fly through our sleep
wearing the pajamas we discard,
we dare to sleep nude. A god
is never naked, always veiled
somehow in his function, a web of doing
around his bright seeming—
the gloss of god.

But now it is morning, a girl runs up the hill,
everything busy pretending to be what it is.
But I know better, the secret effort
that holds things pantingly in place.

Nothing is easy, though some
things are simple. Her hair.
The empty road. Experience
is the fancy word for loss.

17 April 2012

= = = = =

The leaves come back
we try to listen
to what they say,
tell us in Greenish
where they've been
and what it's like
to live in nothing
for a while
and then to be.

But they're infant still,
they all talk at once
so we get only a soft
conception of what it means
to come again.

And the wind anyhow
talks louder—
it has been everywhere
and knows it. And tells.

17 April 2012

= = = = =

I hope the little truck still
runs up the Point d'Evian
just west of Saint-Jean
zigzag up that steep mountain
delivering (it's yellow) the mail,
I hope someone down here
still cares about the strange
people who live on the mountain,
people who live with animals.

17 April 2012

[SQ—more blue]

I will not name you.
You belong to everyone
as much as me.
Or I belong there too,
part of the texture of the sky.

Trees caught in ice.
A child's first dream.
An angry mirror.
Soldiers holding up the sky.

I will not see these here.
I want to see it
not what my mind makes of it.
I am tired of my mind
I want the mind behind my mind.
I want the sky.

(I stood in her bright studio
and it was always in the corner of my eye,
I looked at it furtively from every side.
The woman who saw it first
stood next to be at the window,
we pretended we were looking at the sky.)

17 April 2012

Sein/Sin

We lie because

it takes

so many years to tell the truth.

18.IV.12

THE FIDELITY

The muse of the moment
is the moment.

18.IV.12

= = = = =

Let me remember the palpable
in the broken air
the place we dream and after.

18.IV.12

KARMA

From thrill to thrill
in the dark
the life stretches
its trembling thread

and when it's done
the web is woven
all around me
and I am trapped in myself.

18 April 2012

TO THE READER

Never think the word ‘you’ in what you read
refers to you. Though it always does.

18.IV.12

= = = = =

Lines to wait in
towns to have behind you
—my dust on your shoes—
tunes to stop hearing
before you begin to believe
your ears, trains
to get off from nowhere
and stand in emptiness
watching the glistening rails
go away from you forever.

18 April 2012

= = = = =

Enough to go on with
worrying allnight
the Saracens round my citadel
their radios blaring—
it's hard to believe
in God and in music,
one seems to obviate
the other, the log
sweet darkness of
not thinking, the shine
of silence at the back of the mind.

18 April 2012

EVENTUALLY

she got tired of being young.

One does. I never did.

What then? How to be old

was not easy to learn.

Role models are available.

The skin, the hair, the lips.

The conversation. The whole

sheen of glory—*elf-shine*

of the ancients—fades away

if you want it to. Why would you?

Weary of being wanted, of wanting,

of doing what you want. Just sit

down and succumb. To the dour

vocabulary of time. All

the fascinating sicknesses. The lure

of easy death around the corner.

Over the hill we used to say.

I never will, I will cherish immaturity,

my life-preserver in the sea of years.

But she, why do you think she?

Being young is like a jogger,

finally you want nothing but to stop.

You're tired of being watched,

admired, desired, tired of being

so interesting. Tired of being you.

19 April 2012

COMEDIANS

die old.

Unless they do the Last Word trick
with overdose or suicide.

They live long. But why this risible longevity?
Do they laugh everything off? Does laughter heal?
Or does making people laugh make them happy,
and making people happy makes good karma,
a good long life? There was a famous comic once
named Bob Hope, he lived to be a hundred,
I rode once with him on a little plane
from some desert to some other, I remember
there was a gila monster on the tarmac
when we got off. Along the way
Hope made everybody happy,
walking up and down the aisle (you could
do that back then, it was still America,
not the Homeland yet), he was smiling,
joking, being really there. The man
just glowed, sharing his celebrity
with everyone, his shine, his fun.
Maybe that's why they last so long,
they enjoy sharing whatever they are.
I guess that's good for the immune system
as nowadays they call the human soul.

19 April 2012

= = = = =

An extra day slipped into my week.
Between Wednesday and Thursday
something happened.
Who was it? What did they want?
Was it a god like all the other days?
Some god who had been
left out all these years,
a woman, angry Hera, smart
Athena? Something happened,
the week is out of kilter.
What is a kilter anyhow,
who made this system,
what dark Assyrian conspiracy
is still with us, a week,
a turning back,
a never getting onward.
Can I slip sideways
out of the week
the way this goddess
seems to have slipped in?
Who is it standing there
between me and the day?
Showing me the way?

19 April 2012

LOVE SONG

You look like a chair
someone sat down in once
and fell asleep and still
is breathing gently there.

19 April 2012

[SQ – the road down goes up]

Everything is going to the sky.
That seems to be the secret.
Heraclitus to Heidegger they
all seem to say so.

There is a road that goes there,
a line to follow, trees
and other sentinels assert the way.

To say the way
is to protect it.

We go as far as we can—
that is who we are, we are the ones
who go as far as we can.

We follow any tree.
A tree is what *Dasein*
actually says.
Or sings.

Men argue about whether
there's anything on the other side
of the sky, some other
sort of being. Or Being.

But we keep going. This picture
grows lighter as you look at it,
the dawn is coming, make sure
we get there in time.

Or sunset. Only fools
think there is a difference—
it is the same light

constantly growing.
Wherever you look.
Already the trees are all behind you.

19 April 2012

[SQ – the road again]

Look at this,
just a poster for the present,

an ad for here and now.
A seduction.

If you believe this
you'd believe anything.

And you would be right.

19 April 2012

= = = = =

Walk around the room until you see it.

Walk around again till you find the way out.

This is the whole matter of education.

Listen and leave. The road knows
everything else, and shows you all you need.

19 April 2012